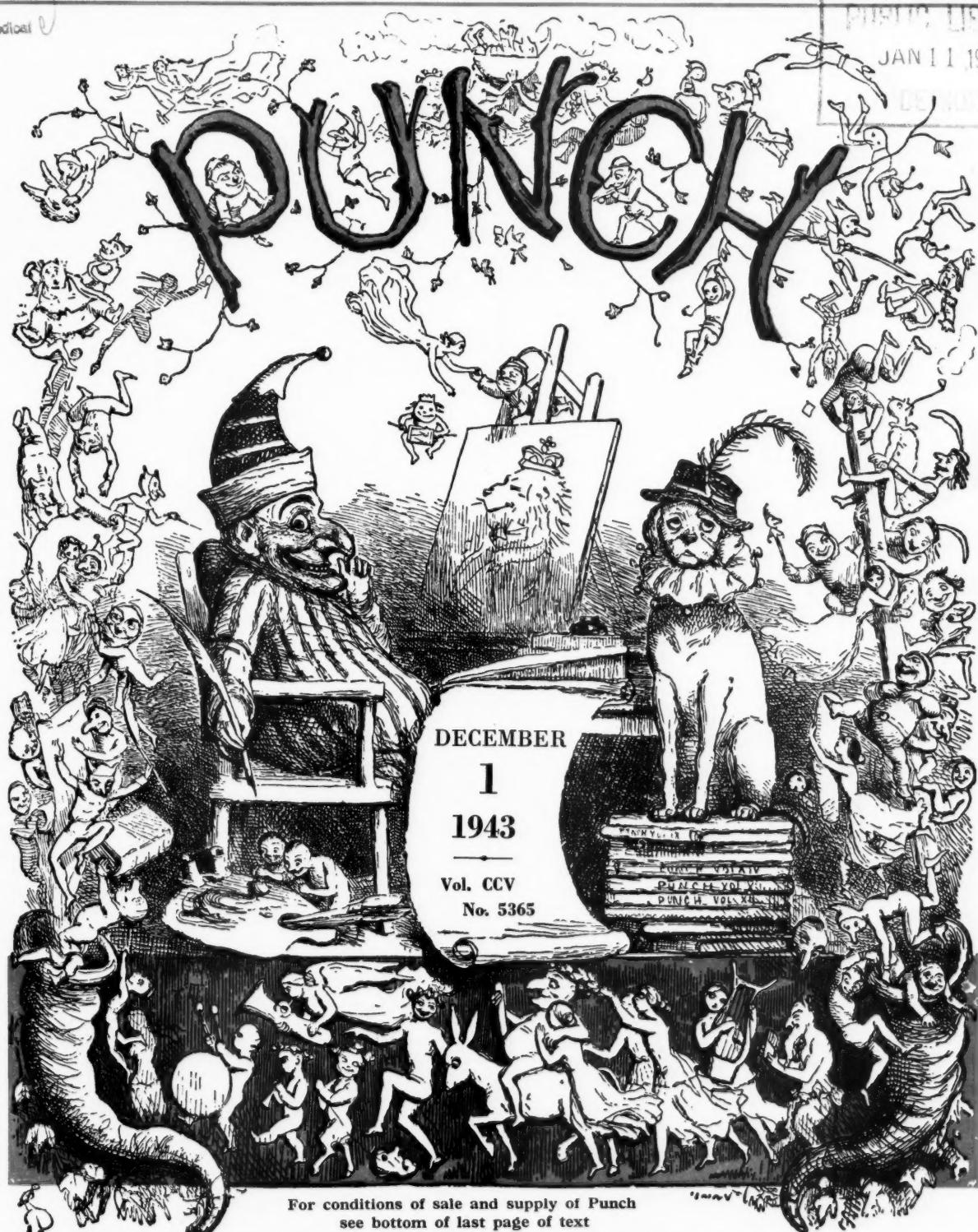


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BLACK AND WHITE
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Flat 15 for 2/3 — 25 for 3/9
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Airtight tin
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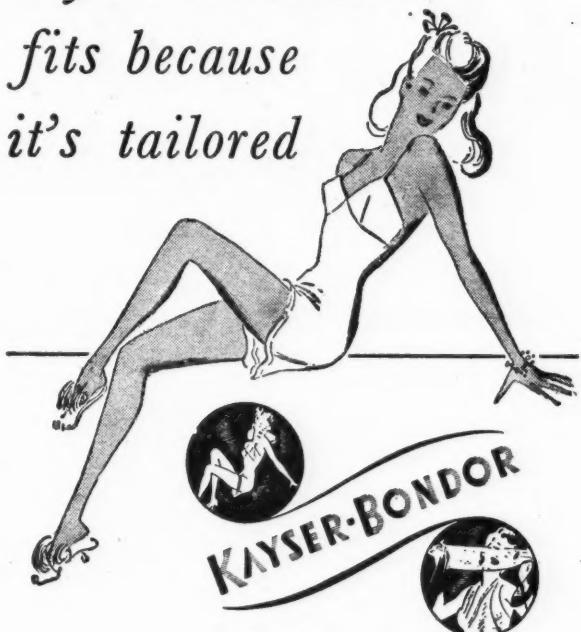
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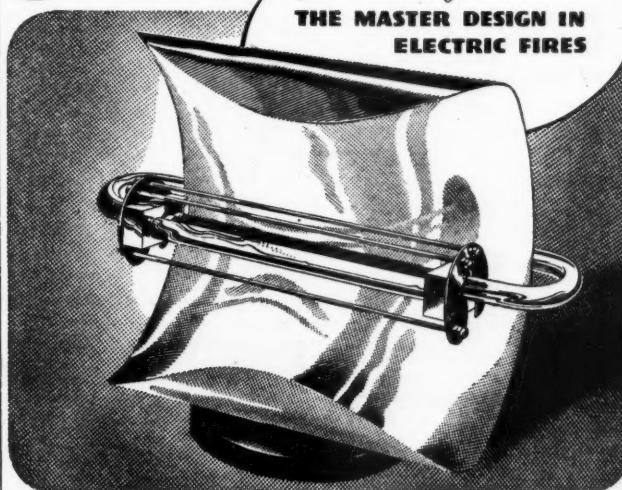


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those good
things which
victory will
bring back—

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THE Directors take this opportunity of wishing you and the many members of their Staff in H.M. Forces and National Services the Compliments of the Season.

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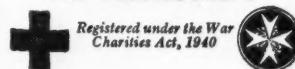
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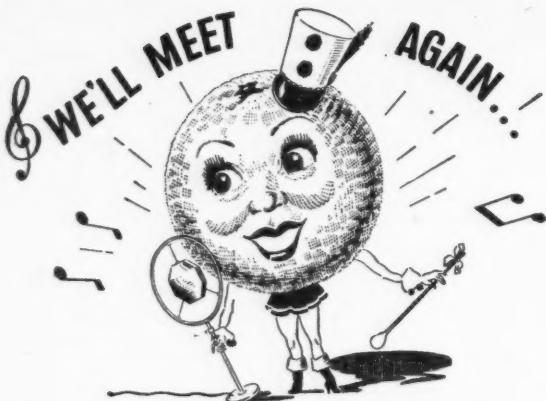


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P.S. Include Regimental or Prisoner-of-War number of the addressee

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

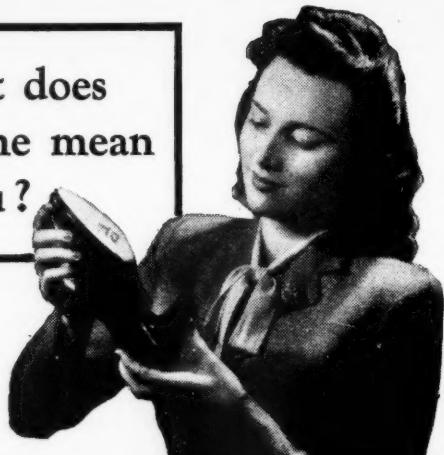
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Hand-spun, hand-woven, every yard



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Look for the Trade Mark on the cloth and for the label on finished garments.

HARRIS TWEED

The Board of Trade accepts the following definition: "Harris Tweed" means a Tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several pertinences and all known as the Outer Hebrides.

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PUNCH



or The London Charivari

Vol. CCV No. 5365

December 1 1943

Charivaria

WE understand that Fleet Street now expects a rush of the last journalists to leave the next satellite country leaving the Axis.

A bagpiper plays at a London night-club. Some patrons complain that before his performance he fills his instrument with fresh air from outside.



"1.—National income, which probably would not amount to more than one per cent. of national income."—*Daily paper*.

After paying income tax.

Burglars who broke into a club in the Midlands for three weeks running took only food. The remedy is to leave the food outside.

Visitors express surprise that Big Ben wasn't seriously damaged during the blitz period. From our point of view it was a perfect example of round-the-clock bombing.

During the last two years a prisoner in a Kentucky gaol has made nearly thirty attempts to break out. Psychologists rather incline to the view that this is a form of escapism.

Newspaper correspondents have recently been debating whether, in these days, we can really boast thinkers comparable to Archimedes. What good would he have done in a paltry five inches of water, anyway?

We are assured that Hitler's double has never actually made a public appearance in the Fuehrer's stead. But we don't doubt that arrangements have been made for the double to take the stage when the cry of "Author!" is raised after the last act.

According to reports the weather has been pretty wild in the Dover Straits recently. We're not surprised—it must be getting thoroughly sick and tired of being cooped up there so long.

The sending of Christmas cards is prohibited in Germany. Still, we don't suppose Hitler will notice any difference.

"Will astrologers again have columns in the Sunday papers after the war?" asks a correspondent. We don't know. They should.

A German soldier on leave in Berlin was stabbed by a newsvendor. This must have made him feel he was in some occupied country again.



Umbrellas for Christmas gifts will be very scarce. "Even second-hand ones have been unobtainable here for some time," says a well-known restaurateur.

A German housewife must have a permit before she can buy a saucepan. In which to cook the vegetables she is permitted to grow for the men-folk who are permitted to live.



Many conscientious people are demanding that a definite date be fixed on which it is too late to shop early for Christmas.

"Everybody ought to know the fungi that are inaudible."—*Schoolgirl's Essay on "War-time Food."*
Well, that's easy.

"Can you give me a few hints on making friends?" asks a correspondent to a mind-training magazine. The editor, in his reply, tactfully avoids all mention of coupons.

"Fascism"

FTER profound meditation I have decided that Fascism is now a name for anything that people dislike, and the more they dislike it the more Fascist they become.

A small striped kitten jumped up on to my chair when I was trying to discover whether any of the news in the papers meant anything at all, and after behaving in the usual eccentric but endearing manner of all very young cats, suddenly sprang at my hand where it stayed for a few seconds suspended in the air by a single claw. I said, as the blood flowed freely, "That was a pretty Fascist thing to do," tore it off, and ordered it to be taken away and shut up in the kitchen—a pretty Fascist command.

Three times on my way home after the tiff they had outside the House of Commons last week I was asked in almost exactly the same words "What did they want to let him out for? He's a Fascist, isn't he? That's what we're fighting against, isn't it?" And very weakly I said, replying to the last question, "I suppose it is."

How pleasant to have answered the question fully! I here and now defy anyone to do so, either in the House of Commons or in any other place. One might have said "*We are fighting against the Third German Reich, and the Empire of Japan, neither of which is technically a Fascist state. One is governed by a moron, and the other by a god.*" One might have talked about the Roman dictators, their tribunes, their axes and their bundles of sticks. One might have argued that if all those who had ever sympathized with the Constitution of Italy under the dictatorship of Mussolini had been imprisoned in September 1939 it would have been impossible to put any British Army in the field, or any Navy to sea. One would not in all probability have returned home without a black—a rather Fascist—eye.

The most difficult moment in the argument, during which I should have suffered for my free but disgraceful opinions, would have occurred when I inquired why the Russians always speak, or used to speak, of "the German Fascist armies" in their communiqués, whereas we always spoke in ours of the "Nazis." Evidently the Russians have a bias against Fascism. Possibly they know what it is. Outside the sentence with which I began, I don't. Maimed and bleeding, I might have gone on to ask whether the late Admiral Darlan hated Fascism, or whether General Badoglio really disliked Fascism or only disliked Mussolini and Mussolini's friends.

Battered and bruised, I might have put the proposition "Would it not be possible in theory for a Fascist state and a Constitutional democracy and a Communist republic to be allied with each other in war against the combination of another Fascist state and another democracy and another Communist republic?" And if (crawling in the dust) I had received the answer "No," I should have said, sobbing pitifully, "Then I must inquire into the precise political arrangements of Portugal and Turkey—and Fighting France."

Rescued and escorted in a rough but kindly manner by the police I might have shouted defiantly, "Do you consider that the essence of Fascism is the existence of an enormous and tyrannical body of constables, some in uniform and some in plain clothes? And, if so, which has been the largest and most tyrannous body: the Gestapo, the O.G.P.U. or the O.V.R.A.? Or the Japanese police, whose ideology I can only explain by means of an

ideograph. Does the Son of Heaven wear a black shirt and top-boots?"

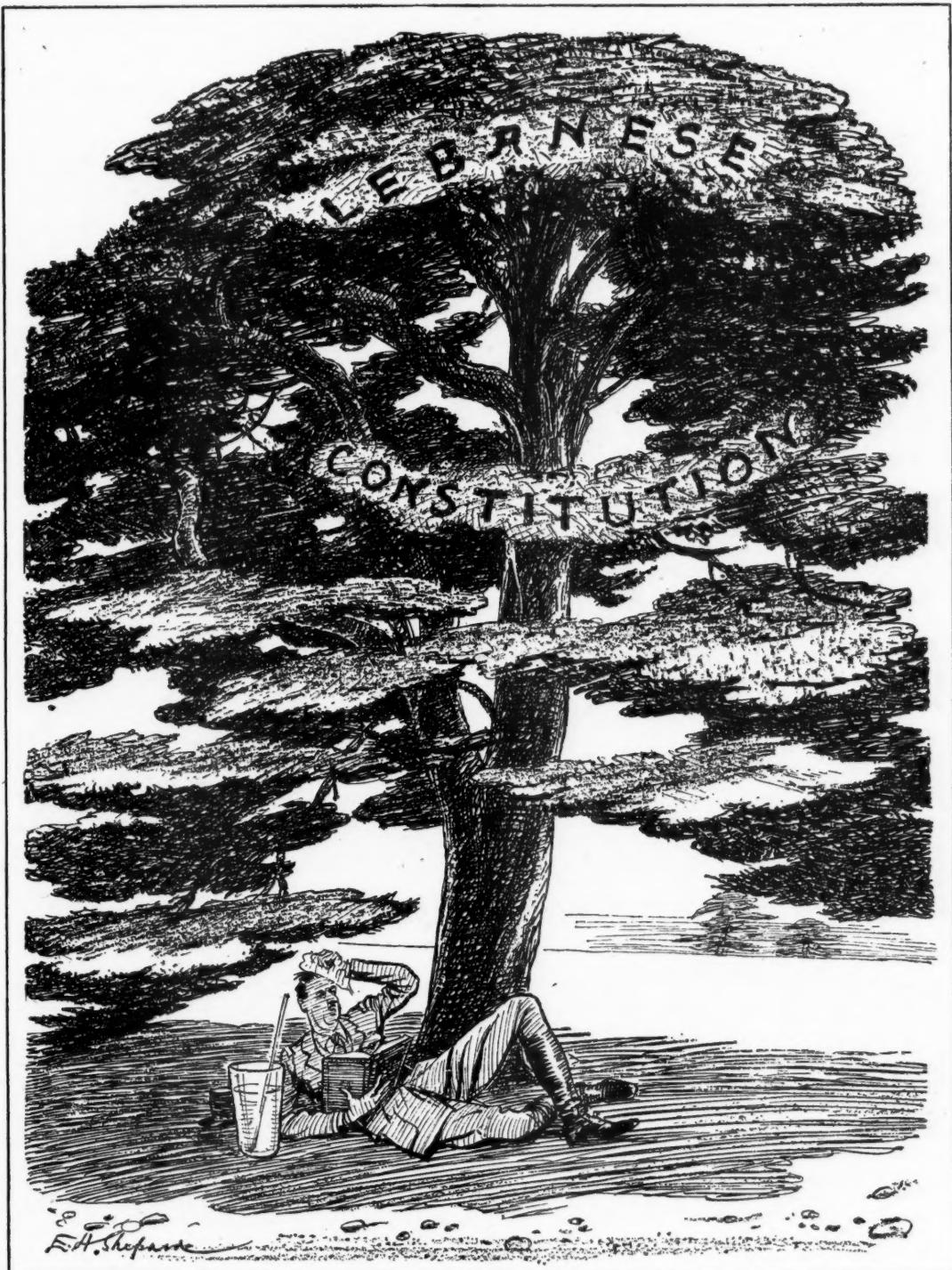
I suppose I should have been put under protective arrest.

Certainly it is not enough to say that Fascism in any state is a name given to the party of the Extreme Right, whereas Communism is a name given to the party of the Extreme Left, and that both of them would destroy the Constitution, because that takes us outside the war altogether. It also requires an essay on the British Constitution, and that requires an encyclopædia. An encyclopædia when one is sober, and a doctor when one is drunk. What I want to know is whether a man can be proved to be a traitor or to have intended and made plans to be a traitor, in the sense in which Major Quisling is called a traitor. And I notice that the good old English word "quisling"—it is older than the good old English word "prang"—has almost dropped out of use. I wish to be told whether Sir Oswald Mosley was or is a "quisling" (one could hardly call him a "prang"), and I suggest that the word "Fascist," whatever it may have meant in this country before the war started, is at this time both ridiculous and obscure. I telephoned to the British Council, the Ministry of Information, the Institute of International Affairs, and *The Times* to ask for a definition of the word, but they all refused to give me one. I notice, by the way, that Mussolini has now ceased to be a Fascist. He calls his new party "The Social Republic of Italy." Wily old hound! In my own opinion the most Fascist thing in England at the present time is 18B.

Necessary? Oh, I dare say. All sorts of unpleasant things are necessary in war-time. War-time food is both nutritious and satisfying; but it is not nice. War itself is necessary but not nice. I detest dictators except when they have to be created for a special purpose. When that purpose is fulfilled they ought to retire. If they don't, they make foreign wars. Then everything becomes Fascist, if Fascism means anything at all. I shall continue to believe that the maximum of State control is Fascist, and with or without the permission of the Ministry of Food I propose to call my lunch, which I now perceive to be ready for me, a Fascist pie.

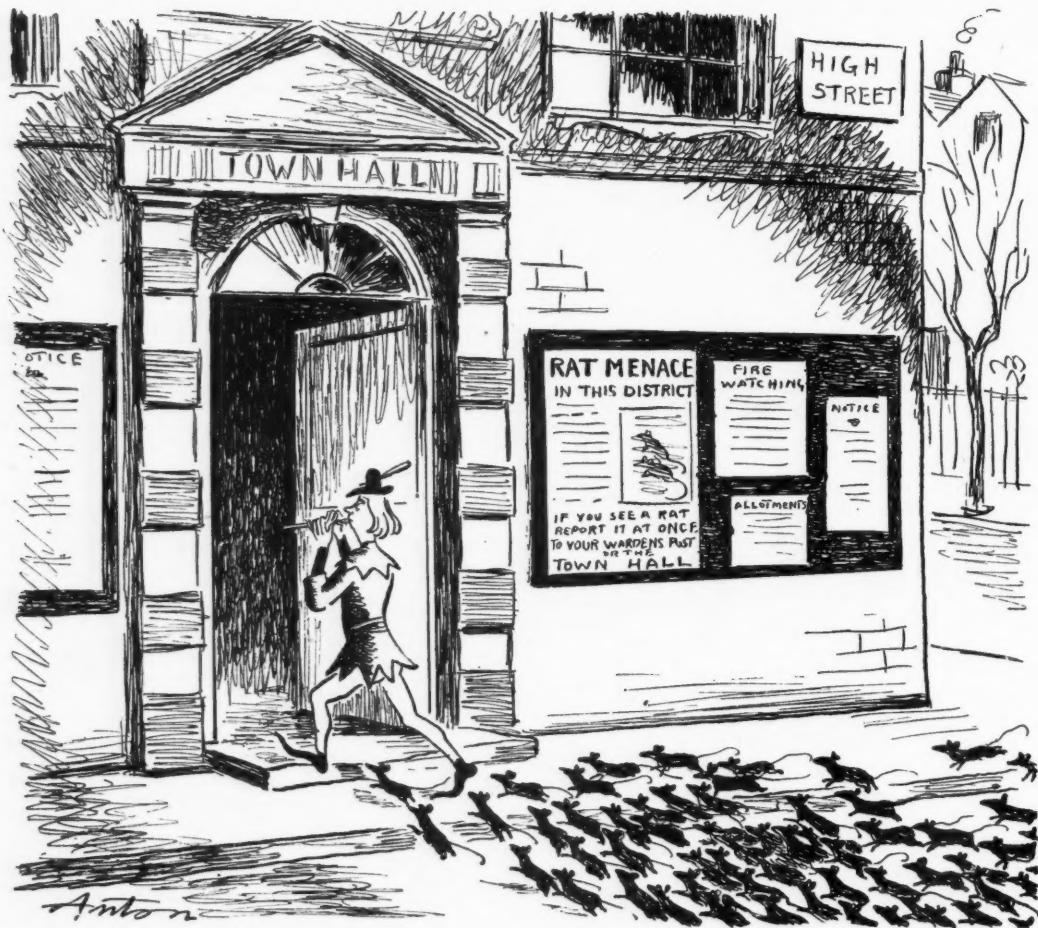
EVOE.

THE Royal Merchant Navy School is appealing for funds: not subscriptions, but rather funds for endowment. After the last war, when the Merchant Navy ceased to be "news," the School suffered a very great fall in revenue, and in the belief that after this war the public will be similarly forgetful the Board of Management is anxious to endow the School and make it independent of the results of temporary gratitude. The School, founded in 1827 to provide clothing, maintenance and education for orphans of merchant seamen of all grades, accommodates 200 boys and 120 girls. Since September 1939 it has admitted 200 children of merchant seamen who have lost their lives during the war. Mr. Punch asks his generous readers to send donations (cheques should be drawn in favour of "The Royal Merchant Navy School") to the Secretary at 28 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3.



COOLING OFF

“In the midst
A cedar spreads his layers of dark green shade.”



Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

Q. Since being taken to see our Nuts and Bolts Week march-past, grandma keeps saying she wants a jeep and threatens to cut us out of her will if we don't get her one. Whatever can we do?

E. GARFIELD TITTERTON, F.R.S.

A. The desire to possess jeeps, circular saws, projecting praxinoscopes, etc., is a manifestation of the *acquisitive instinct* and as such may be capable of modification by dietary treatment. A visit to a psychiatrist would very likely reveal a lack of shredded kohlrabi or uncooked mangold-wurzel in the old lady's feed-chart, so that your wisest course will be to play for time. Try to give the impression that you are negotiating with the Ministry of Supply for a 1944 De Luxe model, meanwhile

keeping grandma on a strictly mangold diet, and I have no doubt but that a fortnight or so will show some marked changes. Either old Mrs. Titterton will no longer have any particular wants of any kind, or you may find she is now clamouring for something a little less unreasonable—say an incombustible insulator, a tidal buoy, or a couple of Fourgeot's fire-alarms.

* * * * *

Q. How do you explain the fact that when I tie an orange scarf round my head, Woofie, my Yorkshire terrier, takes not the slightest notice of me, yet if I do up my hair in a Union Jack he at once becomes hysterical with excitement? Our tame seal, Harold, on the other hand, although he is quietly interested, betrays no

particular emotion at the sight of his country's flag.

VICAR'S AUNT.

A. The seal is a species quite different from the Yorkshire terrier. Rowdy and boisterous displays of patriotism are foreign to its nature; and in any case, this is Harold's country only by adoption. As to the demonstrations of your canine pet—it may simply be that he was willing to pass over the orange bandana, lacking in taste though it may have been, but felt that in your second choice you had carried the thing far enough—perhaps too far.

* * * * *

Q. On the eve of our retirement from the walking-stick and fishing-tackle business to Bexhill my brother

and I are planning a little farewell supper and smoking concert for our street fire-party. Could you suggest appropriate musical items? Though it has been Clarence's custom for years to give "The Lass With the Delicate Air," followed by "Boots, Boots, Boots," at Band of Hope conver- sazioni and sisterhood revels, he says he is always ready to embrace anything fresh. (Mr.) CLAUDE LAPPET.

A. The most obvious choice would be "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire" and Handel's "Water Music," but if you felt you wanted something just a little more subtle to commemorate those moments of happy camaraderie which are now terminating, why not "Moonlight Becomes You" (Van Heusen), "Dance of the Hours" (Ponchielli), and a selection or two from *Glamorous Night* (Novello)?

* * * * *

Q. What would you do if you hadn't anything in your lounge but a set of loose covers? My husband and I were given to understand throughout our eleven-year engagement that his godmother intended starting us with furniture, but she now writes to say she does not think we would be happy with a utility suite, and other types are out of the question as she has put her all into rubber dinghies.

(Mrs.) IYY JUBY.

A. My immediate reaction was an arrangement of wire frames to show what the covers would be like if they were covering what they were intended to cover, but I am afraid you would be certain to get short-sighted friends continually sitting down and then claiming compensation under some law affording protection against what is legally termed a Hidden Trap. On the other hand, arranged flat on the floor, however attractively, you could hardly expect them to remain fresh and trim. No, my advice is that you give them in part exchange for a bradawl, adze, gimlet, etc., and try to knock together a few essentials for yourselves from odds and ends. The *Maikeez* books (People's Manual of Self-Help series) contain to my certain knowledge instructions for fashioning a rustic seat from Australian meat-cans, umbrella-stands out of old gas-piping, and a music-stool identical with one on show in the South Kensington Museum from one hundred thousand used matches. I seem to remember too a rather striking harmonium made entirely from the corks of beer-bottles, though Mr. Juby and you might have to put in a good bit of hard work before you completed this.

Q. My orchids, I am told, require a layer of pounded potsherds for drainage, but we have no potsherds in the house, unfortunately, and it seems wicked to make them these days with china so scarce. How do people get potsherds?

(Mrs.) DAWN STOPCOCK.

A. I personally get any amount of them after one of my charwoman's bi-weekly visits, but the whole thing is, in its way, so individual a matter that obviously no rules can be laid down. In your case, unless you have some special pull in the shape of friends who are dust-men or women, I see nothing for it but to get together all the oddments of Goss china, epergnes, fruited plaques, busts of Herodotus, etc., which have never really given any abiding joy, put on your respirator as a protection against flying chips, and spend an exhilarating half-hour with a hammer.

* * * * *

Q. We are all going about in little quilted waistcoats under our frocks and keeping handy a pair of dumb-bells for occasional arm-swinging so that we need not start a fire until December, but still feel that we are perhaps not doing enough to win the fuel war. Are there any new fuel-saving "dodges" we ought to know?

A TOOTING FAMILY.

A. Here are two you might conceivably have missed—(a) Don't turn on gas or electricity for that early morning cup of tea; keep it warm overnight in your hot-water bottle. (b) Never stoke up to get the water hot for personal cleansing; a single small kettleful suffices for bathing a whole family plus several lodgers if a *vapour* bath be taken. Attach the rubber

tubing from your local stirrup-pump to the kettle nozzle, introducing the other end beneath the chair on which the person who requires the bath is seated, enveloped in a blanket, if you have one to spare, otherwise a discarded bell-tent or howdah will do equally well.

* * * * *

Q. My sister Minnie keeps a lovely little modiste's shop (Minette et Cie.) next door to the post office where I have been sent to work, and it seems so wrong that I should be the one to spend my time passing bits of gummed paper over a counter all day when it was always me who was considered the "arty" one among us girls, never Minnie. Will there ever be any niche in the G.P.O. for the beauty-lover who enjoys a spice of adventure?

(Miss) QUEENIE DODDER-FLATT.

* * * * *

A. The post-war G.P.O. will be as we make it. The Government, you will remember, gave us a splendid lead in its endorsement of the greetings telegram, and it will be up to every G.P.O. worker to see that his or her office is transformed into just that municipal shrine of culture which he or she had always dreamed it might be. So why not get busy with a little post-war planning of your own, Queenie? Fling out of your dream P.O. all that cumbersome mahogany and ring in the pale primrose enamel and chromium, the deep, restful chairs for postcard and telegram composers, the bunches of delicately-pointed pencils, gay with barbola-work and rich silk fringe. . . . Heavy metal inkpots I can imagine replaced by wee owls in cyclamen and eau de nil. As to the element of adventure you feel to be lacking, this can be introduced in a variety of ways—Have periodical sales in which slightly soiled dog and wireless licences, registered envelopes and postal orders are done up into lots and sold cheaply to clear, thus keeping your stock fresh and up to date; make it a rule that every six-hundred-and-forty-seventh customer sends two telegrams for the price of one; set apart the first Monday in every month as a special gift day on which every purchaser of an insurance stamp receives free one hawker's permit and one combined licence for the employment of a male servant and the use of armorial bearings, and so on. I do feel too that the G.P.O. of the past has never made enough of *window display*. A décor of quilted apricot satin to tone with little bon-bon dishes full of twopenny stamps would go a long way towards making the public more stamp-conscious.



The Historic Present

DID you get up?" asked Cogbottle.
"No," said Upfoot. "I find that on non-fire-watching nights—as, indeed, on fire-watching nights—that 1940 sense of stimulation, as one might call it the awareness of the presence of history, is almost completely—"

Cogbottle interrupted "Don't tell me you are one of the people who have the effrontery to contend that in 1940 they *were* aware of the presence of history?"

Upfoot said "I think I was."

"Self-deception," said Cogbottle positively. "Post-dramatization. Churchill's speeches did their utmost to convince us of it, but I am very strongly of the opinion that the historical feeling comes with the historical point of view, afterwards. Quite a long time afterwards."

Upfoot thought for a little.

"Well," he said at length, "Look. Don't you feel a kind of twilight-of-the-gods atmosphere now?"

"Who for?"

"Well, the—the . . . I mean a sort of feeling that the whole show is running down."

"What, with public men on every side talking sternly about the bitter struggles to come in 1947 and 1948—"

Upfoot interrupted "Then you *do* think we ought to be and are influenced in our feelings by what the public men say, in spite of the fact that everybody was impervious to Churchill in 1940?"

"You got me, pal," said Cogbottle amiably. "All right. I am distract because of the milk situation."

Upfoot said "It is uncharacteristic of you to be distract by any situation on so large a scale."

"Oh, I don't mean by the large-scale milk situation,"



"Some dam' expression he's got bold of—every time I make a suggestion he says in atrocious French, 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!'"

said Cogbottle. "My reaction is, as always, selfish. I mean my own milk situation. And talking of public pronouncements, I am constantly recalling to mind one by Professor V. H. Mottram two or three years ago, I think it was in a newspaper article on war-time food. He said 'Hang on to your pint'—I think it was pint—'of milk like grim death.' They made it the title of the article, if I remember."

There was a pause, at the end of which Upfoot said "Well?"

"Well," said Cogbottle, "this recollection chooses to torment me in the week in which my suave milk company has off-handedly docked me of another half-pint, leaving me with two and a half pints in the week, or five-fourteenths of a pint per day instead of one."

Upfoot observed "Obviously the grimness with which you hung on to your pint—"

"That's just it," said Cogbottle. "I cannot place it in time, because plainly the wresting from me of my daily pint of milk might better be described as a gradual nibbling process spread over a long period. There must be a certain point during a nibbling process when hanging on like grim death becomes ridiculous."

"Obviously. When—"

"I don't know. All I know for certain is that I can't do any hanging on now. Even if I had the reserves of a Wurlitzer—"

"A Wurlitzer doesn't hang on. A Wurlitzer continues to emit."

"Let it go. Even if I had unlimited reserves—"

"It would be far more justifiable to apply that phrase to your milk company, anyway."

"Anyway," said Cogbottle, making a gesture, "the fact remains that I now subsist on a daily five-fourteenths of a pint of milk, and the question arises: is this a dangerous state of affairs? I can't remember in detail what Professor Mottram said, but it seems possible, in spite of the pitch to which Lord Woolton raised our health before he—"

"The fact remains, you mean," Upfoot corrected, "that what we began talking about was the historical feeling, and whether one had it at the time. I say I had."

"I say No. It is not a point," admitted Cogbottle, "on which one can possibly get a definite ruling. . . ."

Upfoot interrupted "Well, see if it can be connected with the milk situation. Imagine the historian writing 'Suddenly, towards the end of the year 1943, the people of Britain woke up to the fact that their daily pint of milk—'"

"Too crude, too crude," said Cogbottle. "Besides, I am not *the people of Britain*. I am a man living alone in a flat. And what historians write years later bears no relation whatever to the historical *feeling*, the historical feeling-at-the-time, which you declare is under discussion."

"You admit," Upfoot said carefully, after a pause, "that there is a kind of running-down atmosphere now; why not that there was a worked-up atmosphere then?"

Cogbottle said "The public pronouncements then were *essentially* like those now: designed to rouse us to the seriousness of our position. The presumption is that the general atmosphere isn't very different either. The key to the whole business is good old British phlegm: we're always the same: they try to work us up, and we stay unmoved."

Upfoot said "I put it all down to drinking too much milk."

R. M.

Love Quiz

THIS test is designed for you—the women of Britain. It will help you to decide, once and for all, whether you are genuinely infatuated or merely in love. There is no age-limit. Read each question carefully and answer it truthfully, "Yes" or "No." Then turn to page five and have a shot at the crossword.

1. Do you make a point of taking him to see pictures featuring the Dead-End children?

2. Do you laugh at his jokes because they are funny or because you have strong white teeth?

3. Has it struck you lately that the bubbling noises in a juicy pipe are quite pleasant musically?

4. Do you dare remind him of your birthday?

5. Do you find yourself absent-mindedly signing cheques with his surname?

6. Are you darkly jealous when he reads books by women authors?

7. Can you identify his sneeze in a crowd?

8. Do you enjoy hurting him? (removing bits of lint from his collar, smoking his cigarettes, etc.)

9. Would you rather dance with him than listen to his plans for post-war reconstruction?

10. Has the theatre-organ suddenly developed a new meaning for you?

11. In your heart of hearts are you glad that the jeweller is taking so long to repair your watch?

12. Did you answer these questions because of some uncertainty in your emotions or because of some habit that you have acquired during the war?

Words Games

To the Editor of *Punch*

EAR SIR,—I observe that, like many of our most admired sign-writers, certain of your contributors are, with the stringent logicality that befits these times, battling nobly for the establishment of "billiards-room," not "billiard-room," as the description of the place in which one does, however faultily, play billiards, not billiard.

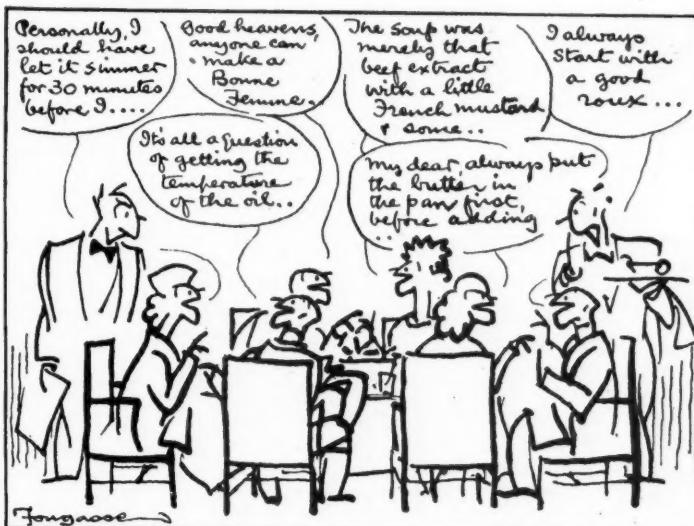
None of us will grudge this long-overdue reform all the support it so obviously deserves. But it must not be limited to this one ridiculous term, and I submit, sir, that "cards-room," "draughts - board," "darts - board," "skittles - alley," "races - course,"

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

ATTITUDE TOWARDS FOOD



1



2

"books-shop," "stamps-collector," to mention only these, are, on the same grounds, entitled to acceptance in your columns and in the House Rules of your venerated printers.

I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,

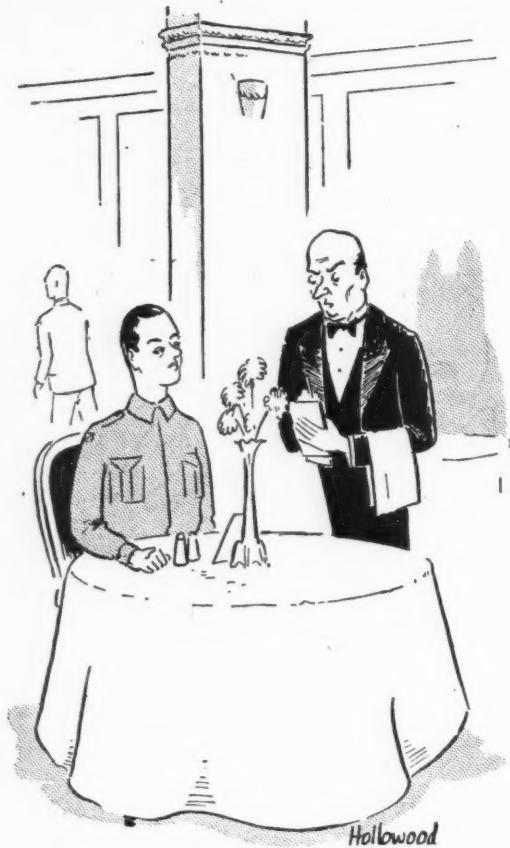
P. E. DANTRY.

The (to be strictly accurate) Laurel,
Laburnums Walk,
Oxenford.

The Bright Side

"Americans never look on your ancestors, but only look at you in the present and hope for the best in the future."—From a small girl's essay on "American Character."

SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA CONCERT
PIANIST'S FINISHED PLAYING
Dundee Evening Telegraph.
Surely not. Never say die.



"Savoury pie and kidney beans, followed by whatever it was the old girl by the door was eating when you came in—and coffee, Sir?"

Torchbearer

WHEN I saw in my newspaper that the familiar song "I'm Gonna Get Lit Up When the Lights Go Up In London" had been banned in Australia, my first reaction was simply one of surprise. I found it odd that anyone could trouble in these days to get excited about what seemed to me one of our less controversial war aims. But on reflection I saw that I was wrong, that it is one of the peculiar glories of the British people all over the world that no issues, not even the issues of battle, can override those of propriety and morality; and that it was in me a sign of dangerous weakness and even downright turpitude to suppose that the end of the black-out could ever be a justification for insobriety. These wholesome thoughts were aided by the headlines in a number of newspapers which I now turned over idly with the heel of my boot, "Hereford Whipping Case Inquiry Report," "Glasshouse Probe Revelations," "Mosley Outery Mounts," and "Drunk at Dance Hall Allegation."

My second reaction was therefore to write out the words of a song entitled "I'm Gonna Have a Soda When the Sirens Cease in Sydney," and send it by "Fast Air" to Mr. Curtin, who is the Prime Minister of Australia and

whose name carries with it so obvious an association with the black-out.

My third, and final, reaction was to consider my own line of conduct when the lights go up in London, and almost at once I came to a decision, namely, that I would hurl my torch into the Thames and then set out to find and strangle with my bare hands the man who made it. I mention this in order to warn you that when you are hunting through your newspaper for the Armistice Terms all you will be able to find will be "Strangled Torch Manufacturer Inquest Verdict Surprise." The surprise will be of course that the man has been allowed to live so long.

Here let me say, since torch manufacturers are a notoriously touchy body, that nothing in these pages is to be taken as reflecting in any way on any torch, still less any torch manufacturer, but mine. It is well known that torch manufacturers are turning out, in the face of well-nigh insurmountable difficulties and at great personal sacrifice, numbers of excellent torches, whose owners swear by them. I do not wish for a moment to be supposed to be attacking them or their products in the mass. It just happens that my own torch is not good, and I am going to strangle the man who made it.

Military manuals dealing with specific items of equipment generally open up their subject under the headings "Description" and "Characteristics," and this useful formula will be followed here.

Description. My torch has a hollow cylindrical body, screw-threaded at the lower end to receive a cap, retaining, with spring attachment, and at the upper end to receive a cap, glass-fronted. A piece of tin shaped to resemble the inside of the lower half of an egg-shell and having at its nodal point an aperture cut to suit an electric bulb is introduced into the cap, glass-fronted, and is retained there by pressure from the spring attachment transmitted upwards through the battery, which in turn bears upon the base of the bulb, electric. A sketch would make this clear in an instant.

To disassemble the torch, give the base cap about a quarter of a turn in either direction and it will fly off under the impetus of its own spring, followed closely by the battery. A similar movement releases the cap, glass-fronted, from the body of the torch, and once this is free the glass, bulb-holder and bulb will be found to fall quite easily to the floor.

To assemble. Drop the glass into the cap, glass-fronted. Push the bulb into the aperture in the bulb-holder until it jams half-way at an angle of 45 degrees. Cram the bulb-holder and bulb into the cap and, holding everything upside-down, try to screw the cap back on to the body. You can't do it.

Now put the battery in and try to screw the base-cap on for a change. You can't do that either—but with this difference, that whereas with the upper cap you kept turning and turning and nothing happened, with this cap you never begin to turn because the spring is too strong to allow the business ends to meet. Cut an inch off the battery and hammer the cap on with a stone.

This completes the description of my torch, except for a small metal button which slides freely up and down in a groove cut in the body of the torch. The purpose of this button is not known.

Characteristics.

(1) My torch goes on:

- (a) If it is stood up on its rear end;
- (b) If it is laid flat on any metal surface;
- (c) If it is banged, jerked, picked up, put down or rolled;



"Or was it that if we would bring sandwiches
THEY would provide the fire?"

- (d) If it is inclined at an angle of more than 10 degrees below the horizontal;
- (e) If it is put in my pocket at any angle whatsoever.

(2) My torch goes OFF:

- (a) If it is aimed in the black-out at any object I particularly wish to see;
- (b) If I am demonstrating to anybody how infernally easy it is to make the darned thing go ON.

These are the only characteristics of my torch that I care to mention at present. I am going to throw it into the Thames to stop it getting lit up, as I am convinced it will try to do, when the lights go up in London, and I am going, as I say, to strangle the man who made it.

H. F. E.

○ ○

Thirst for Knowledge

LECTURING to the Army is a queer business. Some units make everything very easy. Formalities are waived and the welcome is warm enough to play havoc with the messing accounts. With other units, however, the welcome is quite perfunctory. Regulations are obeyed to the letter and the lecturer is sent empty away. It is not always the isolated units that make up the first category. I have seen an audience of eight hundred picked men entirely passive before a stream of mingled rhetoric and abuse, and I have been heckled remorselessly by an audience of two. The Army is entirely unpredictable.

Last Wednesday, for example, I was due to lecture at Molesby Hall, the headquarters of a unit so generous that

I felt justified in regarding the incomplete state of my green identity-card with equanimity. My photograph had somehow detached itself from the green identity-card and was nowhere to be found. . .

"But I tell you I *am* a lecturer," I said rather impatiently. "Why do you think I'm wandering about in this desolate hole on a night like this if I'm not a lecturer, eh?"

"Oh, come, come, sir," said the less visible of the two guards. "Surely, if you really *are* a lecturer, you realize that yours would be an excellent disguise for a person intent upon dirty work."

Overlooking the ambiguity of this remark, I thought rapidly. I still had a good half-mile to cycle up to the hall and I was already late. If "Y" Group were going to get a lecture on "Fiscal Policy and the War Effort" something would have to be done quickly about these over-zealous guards.

"Look," I said, "here are my notes—the notes of to-night's lecture. Does that convince you?"

A torch flashed and two pairs of eyes scrutinized my mnemonics. Then the light went out and I heard a low muttering. The jury was considering its verdict.

"No, we're not satisfied," said a dark amorphous mass. "These may be your notes but they prove nothing. Anyone setting out to pose as a lecturer would provide himself with something of the sort. Now, if you were to prove that you can *lecture* that would be different—wouldn't it, Private Worthington?"

Private Worthington supported the statement.

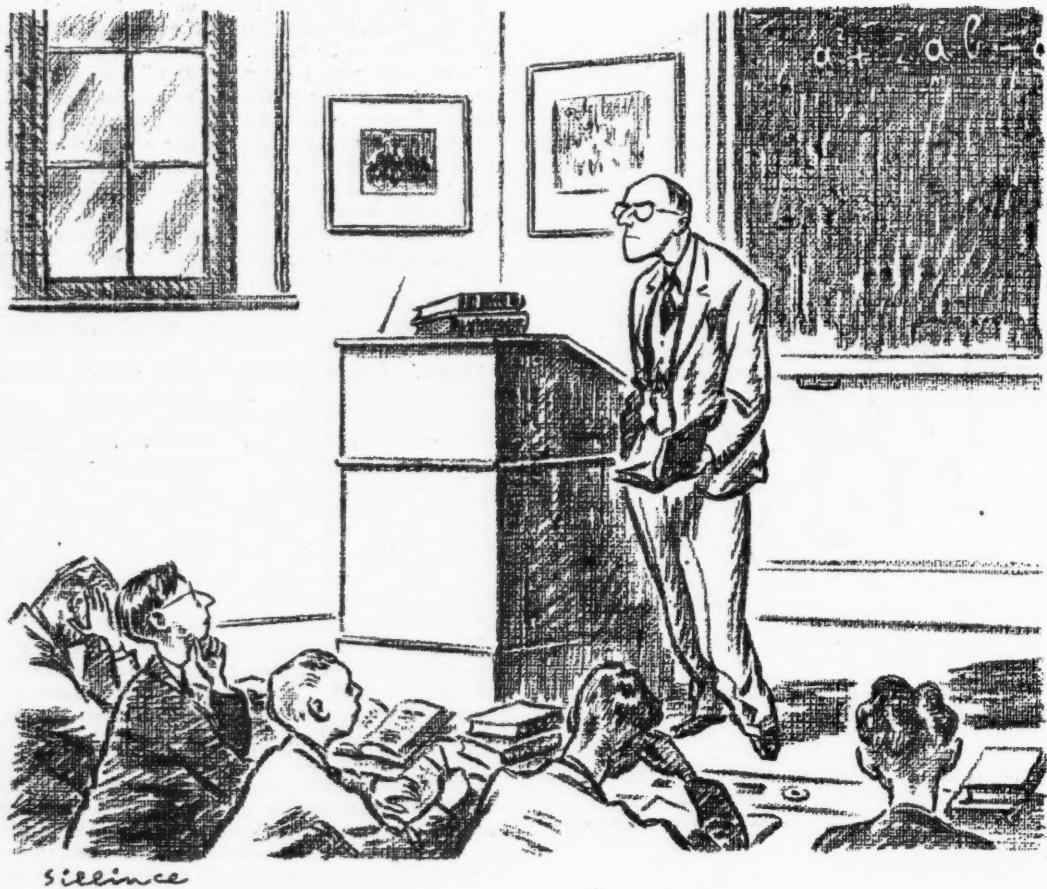
I began by outlining the evils of inflation and told two or three rather amusing stories about the collapse of the German mark. At this point I was interrupted by Private Worthington, who suggested that the threat of inflation was merely a capitalist ruse to drag wages down to the subsistence level.

I countered with a further analysis of the problem, cut short by my eagerness to proceed to the hall. Satisfied at last, the two guards permitted me to mount my cycle. I had gone perhaps fifty yards when I was recalled to answer a supplementary question from Private Dillwater. Would I, as a last favour, define a vicious spiral? For some reason or other my answer caused the two men great amusement, but they thanked me profusely.

Before I could remount the drive became jammed with a crowd of men making at great speed for the village. They seemed in excellent spirits as they exchanged greetings with the guards. I turned my cycle round and followed them.



"Some people get all the luck!"



"Question No. 2: A train leaves Victoria for Brighton with 502 passengers; at Croydon 2 get off and 403 get on . . ."

Ballade of Perfect Discipline

LO, yet again the powers of ancient night
 Their direful purpose muster to fulfil
 And all the furies urge their ruthless
 might
 Against poor me, that never wished them ill.
 Now fairly swallowed is the acrid pill,
 The wormwood cup is drained to the last lee.
 The bare remembrance makes my blood run
 chill.
 I have saluted Pennyfeather III.

He was my butt, my plaything, my delight,
 A source of joys no custom served to kill;
 On him I lavished all my hoarded spite,
 I seared, I flayed him with a merry will;
 Never report confessed a sharper quill
 Than those indited upon him by me:

But deathless Justice walks our borders still—
 I have saluted Pennyfeather III.

When the freed ushers once again unite
 In that gaunt building on that wind-swept hill,
 With emulous voices ardent to recite
 How each went through his own peculiar mill,
 When Traill revives the horrors of his drill
 And Perrin boasts his seven days' C.B.,
 Then I shall add, and note their envious thrill,
 "I have saluted Pennyfeather III."

Envoi
 Prince, as a braggart I profess no skill;
 The tale is false, as any child can see.
 I shall not write it properly until
 I have saluted Pennyfeather III.



HANGOVER

"... Also I regret to report, mein Fuehrer, that the Grand-Stands for our Final-Victory-Procession-in-1940 have been seriously deranged."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, November 23rd.—House of Lords: Speeds the Parting Session.

House of Commons: A Fuehrer Causes a Furore.

Wednesday, November 24th.—House of Lords: Their Majesties Open Parliament.

Thursday, November 25th.—House of Commons: The Debate Continues.

Tuesday, November 23rd.—For the second time in a few weeks Members had to elbow their way into the House of Commons through big crowds in the Lobby. But this time it was a very different sort of crowd from the meek wistful gathering of old-age pensioners who had sought a little more money. To-day it was a crowd of young and very robust men and women, with strong and penetrating voices, and their object was the somewhat curious one—for democrats—of demanding the reimprisonment of Sir OSWALD and Lady MOSLEY, who had just been released from over three years' incarceration.

A shouting mob gathered outside the St. Stephen's entrance, bearing banners with many strange devices. Policemen, with that never-failing tact and good-humour of theirs, kept order, but signally failed to keep silence.

The vociferous appeals of the crowd, as well as their written adjurations, were addressed to Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, whose decision it had been to release the former Fuehrer of the former British Fascists. But Mr. MORRISON motored calmly into the precincts under the very noses of the crowd—who happened to be looking the other way—and bobbed up cheerily (as he has a habit of doing) on the Treasury Bench.

It was a tremendously long statement that he read—at a speed that would have done no discredit to a Spitfire. The effect of the statement was that Sir OSWALD and Lady MOSLEY had been put in prison (without trial) because they might have been a danger to Britain at war, and because Britain could take no risks with her own safety, but that now, with Sir OSWALD a sick man and even in danger of his life, it seemed safe to release him from prison.

There were cheers at this, and they seemed to come from many parts of the House. Mr. MORRISON looked surprised, as no doubt he was. So he went on to tell a fuller story of the events that had led to his decision: how Lord DAWSON OF PENN and other

eminent doctors had seen Sir OSWALD and had expressed the view that his treatment could better be given outside prison walls.

He did not want people to die in detention if the public safety permitted them to be released. He did not want to make martyrs of those who deserved not the honour.

By now the House (queer place that it is) had fallen into a strange, non-committal silence, and Members looked stonily at Mr. MORRISON as he hurtled verbally on. At last he sat down, and

to attend the House of Peers to hear the LORD CHANCELLOR read—in that beautifully-modulated voice of his—the KING's Speech proroguing the Parliament; the Parliamentary "Dismiss!" Then, M.P.s and Peers alike turned smartly to the right, saluted, and marched briskly off the parades-ground.

Wednesday, November 24th.—To-day, members of the Palace of Westminster Home Guard (whose own history has not gone unrecorded in Mr. Punch's pages) made some more national history.

Major EDWARD FELLOWES, their C.O., instructed Captain VICTOR GOODMAN and several others (including, he is proud to write, your scribe) to conduct the Guy Fawkes Search of the vaults and cellars of the Houses of Parliament, to ensure that no follower of that long-dead hero of fact and legend had planned to give too literal a meaning to the phrase "Parliament rose to-day."

They strode watchfully, steel-helmeted and booted (especially booted) through the underworld of Parliament, and emerged, perspiring but pleasantly conscious of their part in the mosaic of Parliament, in time to line up with the rest of the smart Guard of Honour (also supplied by the Home Guard) which, to the manifest delight of the QUEEN, received Their Majesties, there to open the new session.

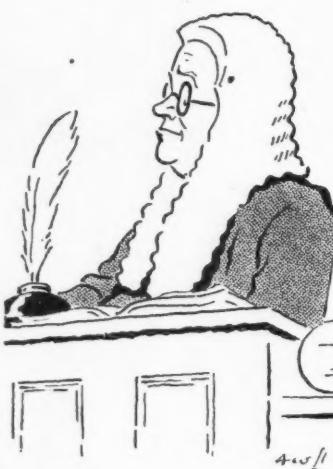
The KING, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and the QUEEN in black, with a triple row of pearls, walked along the ranks of the Guard and into the Lords, there to mount the Thrones and send for the "faithful Commons." The Great Elected, led by Mr. Speaker CLIFTON BROWN, duly arrived, and the KING, putting on his gold-braided hat, read the traditional Speech from the Throne.

It promised (or threatened, according to the political views of the hearer) a great deal of legislation, on a great many subjects. But its tone was a comforting one of supreme confidence in the victory for which we all have striven.

In twelve minutes the KING had told his story, and he rose, took the QUEEN by the hand, and led her out of the Chamber.

Once more, Major FELLOWES (in a voice which was a masterpiece of modulation) called the Guard of Honour to attention, and Their Majesties departed, leaving the ninth session of this seemingly eternal Parliament well and truly opened.

Back trooped the faithful Commons to their "other place." The Lords (whose faithfulness, since it is never



"With stern judicial frame of mind,
From bias free of every kind
This trial has been tried."

"If I were to allow myself . . . to depart from the judicial frame of mind . . . I should be betraying the trust reposed in me by Parliament."—*The Home Secretary on the release of Sir Oswald Mosley.*

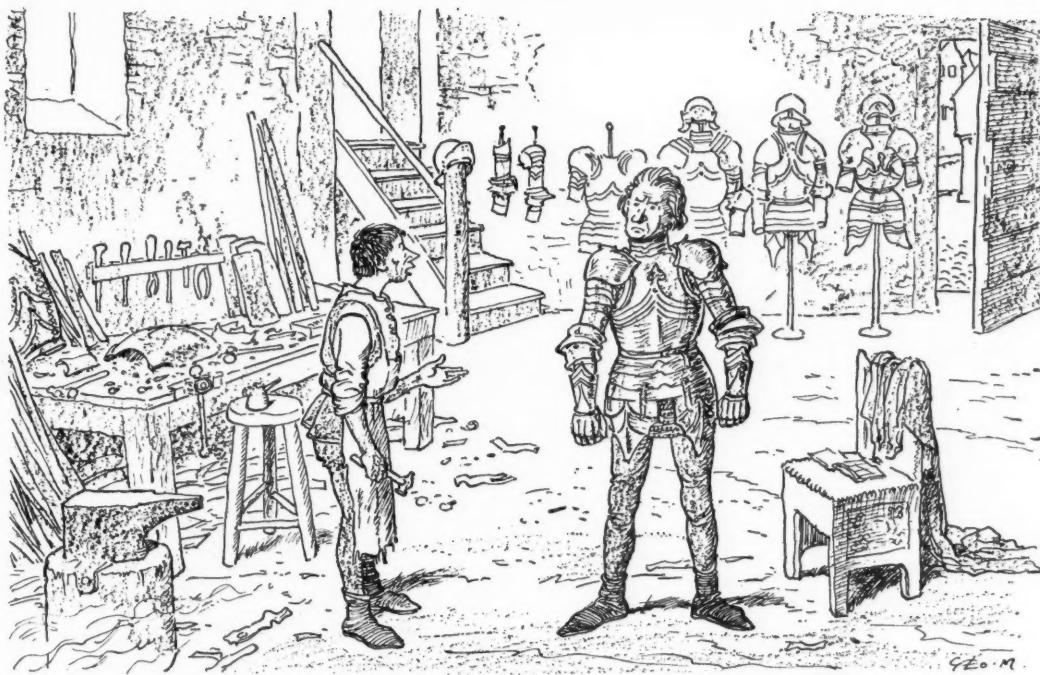
there was a half-minute of complete hiatus.

Members looked at each other. Had the astute Minister, once more, "got away with it"? He looked around the House, as though echoing that query.

Then Mr. IVOR THOMAS rose menacingly. But he merely asked why that full explanation had not been given before. Mr. MORRISON replied that it was—in briefer form—the very day the decision was announced! Several other Members rose to ask questions, did so, and got their answers from the nimble-witted Home Secretary.

And that (for the moment only, one feels) was that.

Shortly afterwards, Black Rod came and battered on the door in the traditional summons to the Commons



"Well, Sir, I can only suggest that you take the top half now and leave the rest till the next coupon period in February."

mentioned, is apparently assumed) settled down to the task of thanking the KING for his Speech.

Lord COWDRAY, with an empty sleeve to tell of his sacrifice in this war, and young Lord NORMANBY, still pale because he is fresh back from weary months in a German prisoner-of-war camp, had the honour of moving and seconding the Address of Thanks. And right well they did it, in neat little speeches that were (like the Middle-Sized Bear's possessions) "just right."

In the Commons, another war hero—still, fortunately, whole and free—was moving the Commons' Address. Commander RUPERT BRABNER, one of only half a dozen men who can wear three equal gold rings in the "Wavy Navy" Air Arm, also wears the D.S.O. and the D.S.C., both won in hard battle with the enemy.

He made the sort of speech that might be expected of such a man—but he made it a lot better than such men can usually make them. It was, in fact, a little gem of a speech, with facets of humour, shrewdness, wit, wisdom, pride and modesty shining for all they were worth, and, truth to tell, rather dazzling some of the older

Members. It was a plea for the future of the young man and young woman who had thrust aside all self-interest when the call to defend the right came, but who had a future which ought, in common gratitude, to be safeguarded by those whom age or circumstances had robbed of the privilege of Active Service.

Mr. GEORGE GRIFFITH, an ex-miner, who seconded, was jocular in his grave way, and, having told a story of a Salvation Army captain who, asking rhetorically "What more can I say?" had been told: "Say, 'Amen,' and let's go home!" proceeded to postpone his own "Amen" to an extent that only his homely shrewd wit and quaint mode of expression made tolerable.

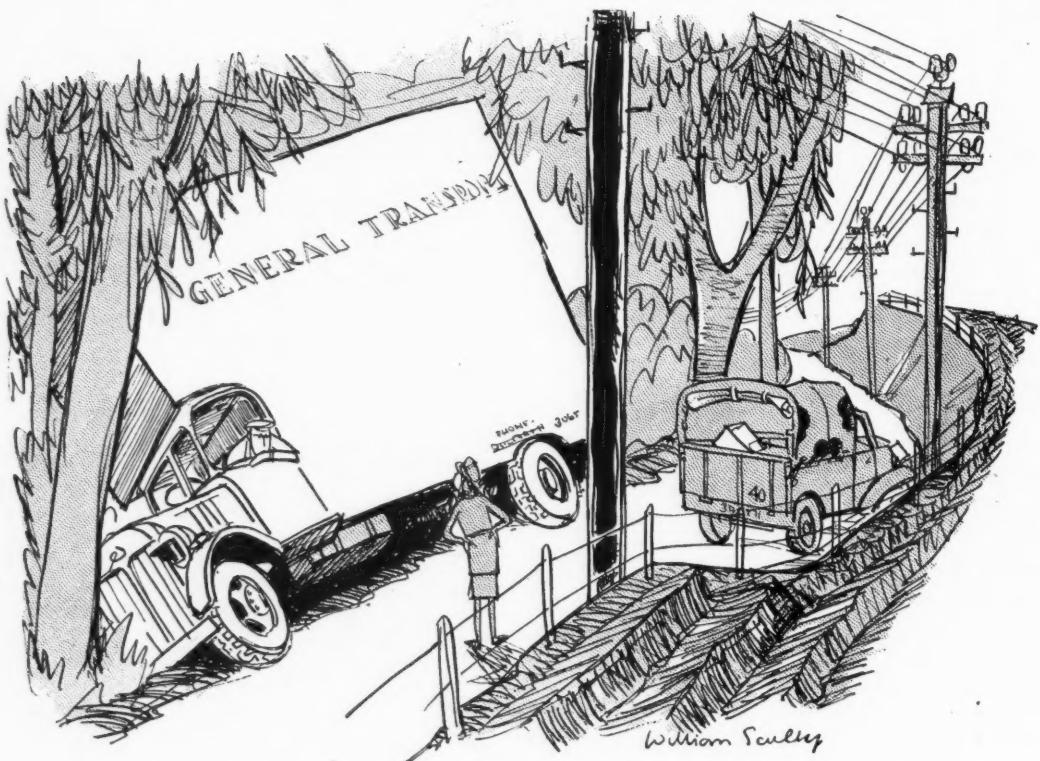
However, there were loud cheers and hearty congratulations for both mover and seconder, and then Mr. ATTLEE read a long statement about the war and the peace and what the Government was going to do (and think about doing) in both. The House seemed distinctly "narked" about some of the things Mr. ATTLEE said, or perhaps—as is so often the case with him—it was about the way he said them. Whatever the cause, more and more patches of empty red bench appeared

as the speech went on, and, by the time he had finished, not even the subtle charm of a secret session could call wandering Members back to the debate. So everybody went home, feeling that it had been quite a day.

Thursday, November 25th.—A distinct morning-after feeling descended on the House of Commons and there was only a thin attendance. There was some to-do about the rights of Private Members to some of the time of what will certainly be a crowded session. Some of the Private Members took the view (which seemed to be slightly resented by the Treasury Bench) that since we were fighting for freedom of speech a modest ration of this rare commodity might be distributed on the back benches.

The few samples produced had such an effect indeed that Ministers rather unexpectedly conceded the point that in future there should be half an hour's debate "on the Adjournment" whatever time the House finishes its set agenda.

Members were so pleased and astonished with this uplooked-for titbit that on this occasion they made no use of it.



"You needn't have done that—I always get by somehow."

English Islands or Lost Off Labrador

IX

I HAVE been reading with melancholy interest the following passages from Sir Wilfred Grenfell's good book *Labrador*: "There has somehow got about the idea that Labrador is continually wrapped in fog. This is an entirely erroneous idea. . . . As a matter of fact fog is almost left behind at the Strait of Belle Isle. . . . On the average, a more or less foggy day once a fortnight may be expected." I believe him. Nevertheless, this is our seventh consecutive day of thick fog.

We cannot get any firewood on the island because there are no trees at all. Trees are not among the "boundless natural resources" of the coast of Labrador, though there are great forests itching for the axe, I understand, in the southern interior.

We could use, this chilly noon, one of the ten million billion trees we saw in Newfoundland! How long ago that seems! I have already forgotten all I

learned about trees from the Newfoundland lumberers, both sides of the Atlantic (for in Scotland, as you know, about fifteen hundred of them are gallantly denuding the Highlands of trees, a horrid but necessary deed).

There was a time when I could tell a black spruce from a white spruce, and a fir from both—close-up or far away. I have seen nearly all the trees in Newfoundland. You cannot imagine how thick they grow; how they march in legions over the mountains and surge like tidal waves along the valleys. They grow so thick that they cannot grow very high: and Nature, I respectfully suggest, is here at fault. They grow so thick that they would make the jungle of Ceylon look like a paddock. They grow so thick that if all the Newfoundlanders had seven axes and seven saws I do not believe that they could make a serious hole in the forest. For it grows itself again

(without the aid of man) in eighty years or less—alas, this does not happen in Scotland. But in Scotland they do not have the awful forest fire which will devour fortunes in a day and night.

After the fish, the fir, including, I need hardly say, the spruce, is Newfoundland. We have seen the fir (*Abies balsamea*) through all its adventurous career from the hillside forest to the leading article: and no writer, no newsprint-user, perhaps I should say, can view this process without excitement. That is why I am having some difficulty with my chapter on Timber in my report on The Future of Newfoundland. Timber excites me: and that will not do for the Secretary of State. A proper politician looks at a forest and sees "unexploited natural resources". I look at the forest and see the miracles of Nature and the tools of the poet. This will not do.

As I was saying, we have seen the mighty and industrious Newfoundlanders fell in thirty-five seconds a great tree on which Nature had been at work for seventy years. Far out in the forest, tormented by black fly, gnats and (believe it or not) heat, he "notches" his tree—a few taps with the axe to make it fall the right way. Then he kneels with his box-saw, and saws, both arms, kneeling, on the other side. And, in thirty-five seconds from the first notch, I have seen the big thing crash, precisely as planned, to the cry of "Timber", if anyone is about. I do not say it is always so swift.

It looks easy; but it is lusty labour. And he has scarcely begun. He saws the tree into the appointed lengths and hacks off the branches and the untidy bits. And when the snow comes, it is hauled across the snow by horses, and tumbled down shoots into lakes and ponds, and driven down streams and rivers, or piled by roadsides till the trucks come for it, and carted over bumpy little switchback roads, and penned afloat behind great booms till the machine is ready for it, the machine that obeys in turn the great dams and dynamos, thirty miles away.

Then what a time it has! The innumerable logs are grabbed with deft irons from the water, and rolled aloft, and carved up like cheeses by singing saws, and flung into fat round revolving "barkers" to be stripped of bark (the bark slips away to be used for fuel), and whirled down long water-chutes to the mill, and given to the savage grinders to be ground into pulp, or hurled into towering, simmering "digesters" to be ill-used with acids and become sulphite instead. (The sulphite pulp, with the longer fibres, makes a more delicate leading article than the "ground" pulp. Ground for the masses—sulphite for the poet.) You pursue the romantic pulp, the noble bones and blood of the trees, from floor to floor and from vat to vat; you clutch at hot banisters and shrink back from bubbling pools; till suddenly you are in the great room of rollers, the room of roaring, where the flat, wet plains of tree roar over roller after roller, losing water every roll, gaining body every roll, growing at every roll and squeeze like something you remember, something you know, and, marching beside the long regiment of roaring rollers you come to the uttermost machine and the miracle happens—a vast, white, cylindrical egg of PAPER is laid at your feet, Paper the people's food, the poet's pride!

And who caused these wonders in a distant wilderness of wood and rock?

Who dammed up the waters, before the war of 1914, to make the path easy from tree to table, that, peace or war, there might always be fine work for the Newfoundland and fine leading articles for London? Who are the wizards of the woods?

A snooty anonymous fellow in *The Times*, not long ago, spoke of "the alien companies" that do this or that. "Alien" indeed! The names that made the two great paper-citadels are English—Northcliffe at Grand Falls and Bowaters at Cornerbrook. And the enterprise, the brains, the money were English, and are English now.

It is well that this be proclaimed at a time when some seem to think that only America and Canada can do things in style for the smaller corners of the British Empire.

And there is yet more cause for pride. Around these vast and busy

I have thrown—and shall throw—such large and genuine roses to the Newfoundlanders that I know they will understand; and anyone who thinks of casting stones at the "alien" paper-companies should think again.

It does not matter much, anyway. For the fog has come back in battalions: and it seems less and less likely that anyone will ever see these words.

A. P. H.

Nightwear

[If pyjamas are a symbol of social superiority, ought they not to be abolished in a democratic country? — Commander Locker-Lampson in the House of Commons.]

IN an earlier age, we have read,
Our fathers on going to bed
With a view to keep warm
Enveloped the form
In a shirt that went over the head.

As a garment 'twas modest and white,
It made no appeal to the sight,
And it wasn't the kind
To puff up the mind
Of the person nocturnally dight.

But a homecomer—nabob at least—
Brought back from the colourful East
Pyjamas, a rich
Innovation at which
The nightshirt grew pallid and *triste*.

And man in his vanity rose
And said "I must go in for those,"
Till colours as gay
As the peacock's by day
Illumined the hours of repose.

And, being thus nobly attired,
His soul was expanded and fired
With superior pride
And putting on side
And a feeling of being admired.

But all things must weaken and die.
Equality now is the cry;
The symbols of class
Are beginning to pass,
The haughty are shrinking and shy.

The end of it no one may know;
Pyjamas, I fear me, may go,
The nightshirt again
May envelop the vain;
It may be. Time only can show.

Yet still, in dark places, I ween,
They still may survive, though unseen;
I cannot, I think,
Be divorced from my pink,
I shall cherish, in secret, my green.
DUM-DUM.

THE R.A.F.

WE can never repay them for all that British airmen have done and are doing for us, but through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND we are able to meet some of their needs. Will you please help us in the good work by sending a contribution? Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

works, that are never idle by day or night, they have built up two cities of light and leading in a land which, with all due deference, requires them. The paper-company towns are "model" towns, models of housing and sanitation and local planning and pride in a land which is not so hot in these affairs. The contrast is severe when you pass from the orderly paper domains into a free-and-easy place no smaller, where there is no local government at all, no mayor, no scavenger, no fire-patrol, and any man may build a shack or a privy of any kind, where he will.

The paper-rule is on the autocratic side, maybe: but what will you—if Newfoundlanders will not govern themselves? It is a singularly enlightened autocracy, blazing a trail for democracy all the time. They are teaching the people the blessings of local government and order; and they have even taught the people to pay unofficial rates for their light and water—*et tout ça*.

At the Play

"THE RECRUITING OFFICER" (ARTS)
"TEN LITTLE NIGGERS" (ST. JAMES'S)
"THIS TIME IT'S LOVE" (COMEDY)

GEORGE FARQUHAR wrote *The Recruiting Officer* in 1706, when he was twenty-eight, and died in poverty in the following year after producing one other play, the masterpiece called *The Beaux' Stratagem*. The majority of the Restoration comedies insist, with a monotonous regularity, upon happening in fashionable London, usually in and around Covent Garden. *The Recruiting Officer* at least provides a change of scene. It is centred in a country town in Shropshire where Captain FARQUHAR had himself done duty as a recruiting officer. Apart from this freshness in the setting—and Mr. ALEC CLUNES takes full advantage of it in his production—this comedy runs remarkably true to type. It has two rival captains—one of them, *Plume*, being manly but given to stray gallantries, and the other, *Brazen*, being an irremediable fop. It has a lady called *Sylvia* who is loved by these, and who elects to masquerade as a boy for no very convincing reason except that leading actresses have, since 1706 at least, been given to fancying themselves in boys' clothes. It has also a subsidiary, more lovelorn love-affair in the minor key—between Mr. *Worthy* and *Melinda*, a young lady of fortune. It has a rogue of a sergeant called *Kite* who tricks the country fellows into accepting the queen's shilling. It has a country wench and her brother, and it has very little more plot than is indicated by the mere existence of all these personages. It is further supplied with what one of Congreve's characters calls "a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit."

Mr. CLUNES has been blamed in some quarters for overproducing this old play. He has a little fantastical action. He has engaged Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN to supply us with a good deal of recondite English eighteenth-century music, full of sturdy charm. His *Plume* (Mr. TREVOR HOWARD) is excellent, airy, easy—a

new actor apparently, but one obviously born to costume. His *Sylvia* (Miss HELEN CHERRY) is a gracious creature who turns into a goodly swaggering lad. His *Bullock*, the country clown (Mr. DAVID BIRD), has the right hint of the moonstruck in his composition. No, Mr. CLUNES has not overproduced! The fault lies in poor FARQUHAR, who has not provided quite enough wit and contrivance to make an evening comparable with that which his later masterpiece can still provide when it is adequately put on. Mr. CLUNES, being a man of taste and sensibility,

has great fun in slaughtering her ten characters one by one, using all the varieties of slaughter from revolver, knife, and overdose to "tip it and run" at the top of a cliff. The pernickety mind may want to know how these ten wildly disparate personages came so easily to accept invitations from a complete stranger to spend a week-end on a practically inaccessible island.

The same sort of mind if taken to the Comedy Theatre may want to know why a good actor like Mr. ERNEST THESIGER chooses to portray the prospective tenth bridegroom of a peculiarly foolish lady who all but loses her ninth husband. *This Time it's Love* is a conspicuously unwitty and uninventive and unresolved and indeterminate thing to fall from the pen of M. LOUIS VERNEUIL. It is true that it was first written twenty-five years ago, but the translation sounds older even than that! Pope called the brilliant FARQUHAR "pert and dull." What words would be left for him to apply to M. VERNEUIL's translators? A. D.



AN INNOCENT ALL ABROAD

A Butcher MR. ARTHUR BURNE
Sergeant Kite MR. ELWYN BROOK-JONES

does all he can to enliven the sparse text with colour and song. His is a production which keeps disappointment continuously at bay. This comedy, by the by, was popular throughout the eighteenth century. Hazlitt saw a production as late as 1816, found it disappointing and miscast, and reserved most of his praise for Lamb's beloved old actor, Munden, whom he picked out in the tiny part of *Costar Pearmain*. "We have no wish to see better acting than this," wrote Hazlitt. We have no hope of hearing higher praise than that.

Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE's "thriller" at the St. James's is a producer's field-day, and Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL

NE hesitates to criticize a great and friendly country like Egypt, but even Egypt has its Achilles' heel. There is, it must be confessed, a shortage of beer. At the time of writing, for instance, the official ration per man from N.A.F.I. is seventeen-sixteenths of a bottle per week. Even if you happen to be the lucky one man in sixteen who gets the extra bottle your sobriety is not in great danger.

All this explains Lieutenant Sympson's regrettable conduct when an American friend of his presented him with a case containing forty-eight cans of American beer.

"He plumped it down on the table in my office," Sympson told me later in a hushed voice, "and I gazed at it with awe-struck eyes. Then, when I regained consciousness, I felt that the people who are keen on Anglo-American solidarity have definitely got something, and said a mouthful, and all that."



"Any rate, 'e can't do very much now that I've nabbed 'is King."

At the time that the beer appeared on his table Sympson was wrestling with a family remittance for Yowana Bosa. The time was 1900 hours, and Sympson had been dealing with the family remittance since 1600 hours. Ugomba family remittances are not as simple as the English wife allowances with which the Army deals so competently. If Pte. Yowana Bosa wants to allow his mother ten shillings a month the Army sends the money to the District Commissioner, who tells his Saza (Very Big Chief), who tells his Gombolola (fairly big Chief), who tells somebody in the village where Yowana Bosa lives. Old Mrs. Bosa has to go to see the Gombolola, who gets the money from the District Commissioner. This all sounds perfectly simple, but in this particular case Yowana Bosa had been fifteen months in the Army and the money had not reached Mrs. Bosa, and as Yowana was an extremely tall and fierce-looking man Sympson was trying to find out whether it was the fault of the Army, Mrs. Bosa, or Yowana.

This explains why, before he knew what had happened, he had consumed eight cans of the American beer.

"I drank them abstractedly," he

told me afterwards. "I can't even remember opening the cans."

He tore up all the letters he had written about the case of Yowana Bosa and burst into tears. He then tottered out into the desert and mounted his push-bicycle and went off to visit his guards. It was really his sergeant's turn to visit the guards, but the effect of alcohol on Sympson is always to fill him with zeal to an extent that would have left Midshipman Easy absolutely cold. He rode round the desert for about an hour without being able to find his guard. The only civilization he encountered was a group of tents. He went into one at random and found a brigadier in bed in yellow pyjamas. Sympson asked him if he was the Gombolola of Imbarara and, receiving a negative reply, went away.

After that he went back to his own tent and drank a bottle of ink which was standing where he thought he had left his last glass of beer.

Then he burst into tears again and

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

became filled with remorse. He fetched a spade and marched off into the desert with the case containing the remaining forty tins of beer. Under the light of the glamorous Near-Eastern moon he dug a deep hole and buried the beer. He had done with alcohol for ever. He went to bed feeling virtuous and bilious.

This mood lasted for days, and then went as suddenly as it had come. Since then he has had his Kugombas digging holes all over the desert, hoping that they will find the hidden treasure. He has constructed so many slit-trenches that even the P.A.D. officer is satisfied.

He has even employed a water-diviner, but so far without success.

• •

E.g.

"WE HAD NO IDEA
Such good work could be produced
by a certain lady when paying for a small
printing order executed by us.

WHY

Printing Orders to distant firms when you
can get more efficient and speedy service
at satisfactory prices at
The — Office."
Advt. in the local paper referred to.

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Thomas Barnes

THE most famous editor of *The Times* during the nineteenth century is unquestionably Delane, the oracle of the middle classes at the height of their prosperity and self-confidence. In the opinion of Lord Northcliffe, however, Delane's immediate predecessor was a much abler man, and the greatest editor *The Times* has had. Comparatively little is known about *Thomas Barnes* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6), but Mr. DEREK HUDSON has made excellent use of the material he has collected, and produced a very attractive account of a man of uncommon abilities and character. Short, strongly-built and so handsome that when he was a boy at Christ's Hospital the wife of a City notable lost her head over him at a school function, Barnes entered life in the carefree spirit of his favourite author, Fielding. A heavy drinker in his youth, he dissipated a small fortune in his early twenties. His ambition at this time was to write, he was on intimate terms with Leigh Hunt, and a great admirer of Lamb, to whom he once exclaimed "And do I not know, my boy, that you have written about Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's own Lear, finer than anyone ever did in the world, and won't I let the world know it!" But although his essays on Wordsworth, Byron and others, here reprinted for the first time, shew good sense and some insight, his real bent was towards political journalism. A reporter on *The Times* at twenty-five, he became its editor in 1817 at thirty-two. Taking his own line, which ran between reaction and extreme radicalism, he gradually convinced the politicians that a new journalism, no longer venal and obsequious, had come into existence. Even the Duke of Wellington, who had once called him "an insolent, vulgar fellow," eventually recognized his power, and in 1834 accepted the terms on which *The Times* was prepared to support the government which Wellington was forming with Peel. When Barnes died in 1841 *The Times* was securely established as the leading paper in the country, and Delane, like Alexander the Great, stepped into a position which had been built up by the genius of his predecessor. Barnes's passion for anonymity was not shared by Delane, and Delane's social position was stronger than that of Barnes, who, owing to the husband's refusal to divorce her, was unable to marry the woman with whom he lived. These things have prejudiced his fame, but this book makes out a good case for Lord Northcliffe's estimate of the respective abilities of Barnes and Delane. H. K.

The Saint of Good Hope

The fourth centenary of St. John of the Cross sees Mr. ROBERT SENCOURT make a refreshing attempt to introduce this "difficult" doctor of the Church to the intelligent outsider. A colossus bestriding the world of sense and the world of supernatural experience, St. John had his foot so much more firmly planted on the ulterior shore that his biographers have largely confined themselves to glossing his poems and treatises. Yet St. Teresa chose him to reform her Carmelite friars. Together they sought solitude—Mr. SENCOURT, rather impishly, quoting Mr. Churchill on the amount of "psychic dynamite" engendered by withdrawal into the desert—together they exploded on their horrified world. So there is action enough in *Carmelite and Poet* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 15/-), though its contemplative conclusions are even more interesting. For here

you have a mystic who, in the strictest Catholic tradition, was able to discard, merely by ignoring it, as much religious junk as the more militant and less discriminating reformers jettisoned with their orthodoxy. As a poet, this Puritan Spaniard is grouped with Vaughan and Wordsworth, rather than with the lesser *illuminati* of his own race, age and faith, his biographer giving chapter and verse, both original and translated, for a well-considered and illuminating verdict.

H. P. E.

Advocacy

Mr. LEO PAGE has written two or three very useful books on magistrates and their courts, but this last book (*First Steps in Advocacy*. FABER, 6/-) deals with advocacy in every court and is full of instruction mixed with humour. Good advocacy saves time and temper and also promotes justice, although the art is always a little suspect to the layman. Various hints about the Preparation of a Case, Conduct in Court, and Examination and Cross-Examination are particularly useful. The necessity of having clear notes is well illustrated by the judge who remarked sadly to counsel: "So long, Mr. Jones, as you referred—as you have so far done—to the plaintiff in this case, whose name is Brown, as Robinson, and to the defendant, whose name is Robinson, as Brown, I was able to follow your argument with little difficulty. But now that you have introduced the name of Johnson without indicating in any way to whom you refer I confess to a certain measure of embarrassment." The model note given here for taking evidence bears a close likeness to a certain judge's note taken in 1865 of a murder trial, and both show how good longhand notes can be. A solicitor who briefed a counsel of exceptional dignity early in this century was always puzzled by an apparent slip of his counsel's tongue resulting in a remark of Aristophanic felicity. The effect was extremely fortunate, for the jury, who up to then had been thoroughly bored and unsympathetic, stuffed their handkerchiefs in their mouths and thereafter listened with the closest attention to the defence. Thirty years later the solicitor, talking to the counsel, who was by this time President of the Probate and Divorce Division, plucked up courage to ask whether the remark in question was made on purpose or not. The illustrious old man replied "I do not remember all the circumstances; but I have no doubt that the remark was made on purpose. Advocates always have to do what they can."

E. S. P. H.

Woman-Power or Women?

Feminist chagrin at the result of Votes for Women seems to have taken the wrong turning. It might perhaps have admitted by now that the average woman prefers a home to a job; and that the happiest nation is that which takes the home-abiding woman for the norm, leaving a field unencumbered by reluctant competitors for those who adopt what are known as careers. Yet *Mainly For Men* (GOLLANZ, 3/-), by the hon. secretary of the Committee on Woman Power, is for the most part a vivacious restatement of the complaint so maturely voiced in *A Room of One's Own*. Are women given a fair chance? Are they, it runs here, accorded economic or personal justice in the Civil Service, in industry, on the land, in education—or even in the home? The answer is, undoubtedly, "No." The war, apart from a lavish expenditure of flattery, has not, Mrs. ETHEL M. WOOD insists, handled women well. "Male planners" whose plans "bore little relation to reality" have been an unmitigated nuisance. But have female planners, one wonders, been any more acceptable to their sex? Most of the war-time criticism, however, is useful. Historically the book is apt to make dangerous

use of double-edged weapons. The fact, for instance, that Mary Kingsley's schooling was stinted while her brother's made away with £2,000 merely goes to show the extraordinary unimportance of a great deal that is called education.

H. P. E.

Fateful May

MISS STORM JAMESON's new novel is about France in May 1940, about a town on the Loire in the days when France was falling. That the book is out of the ordinary may be gathered from the way one seizes on each motive of behaviour and traces out each intrigue, as though this were history or the first official report. *Cloudless May* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) of course is neither. It is fiction, made up of surmise, intelligent guesswork, logical reconstruction, sympathetic imagination, and above all a passion for everything Angevin—a passion shared by all the weaklings, self-seekers, traitors, opportunists, perverted idealists and honest short-sighted men who provide, without more melodrama than the French themselves appreciate, an explanation why the nation went to pieces. This town of Seuilly is both real and representative, France on the edge and France of a thousand years before: its tragedy is that, being so characteristically French, it deceives its lovers into taking it for quintessential France. In this perhaps Miss JAMESON has indeed anticipated the diagnosis of history. And merely as a story? One could hardly have a better. For perhaps three-quarters of its considerable length the book strikes one as extraordinarily genuine, dramatic and thoughtful—even what used to be called "inspired." Then either the author or the reader tires (and as a rule a reader only tires when his author does), and small passages creep in that do not ring quite true. A discerning note on the jacket mentions Balzac, and on the whole we shall not quarrel with this likeness.

J. S.

Modern American Literature

In these days of paper shortage well over five hundred pages seems excessive for a volume devoted to a mountain range in which the most towering summits are Stephen Crane and Theodore Dreiser, Frank Norris, Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway and John Steinbeck. *On Native Grounds* (CAFE, 21/-), Mr. ALFRED NAZIN's interpretation of modern American prose literature, has many stray flashes of insight, but they are too far apart. The impression the book makes as a whole is "of a grim and steady awareness rather than of great comprehension," to borrow a phrase Mr. NAZIN uses about one of the countless writers he has included in his survey. Condensed into two hundred pages, this account of the various influences to which American writers have submitted in the last half century would have been extremely interesting. But it takes Mr. NAZIN nine pages to reach the foregone conclusion that Edith Wharton was not a great artist, and seven pages before his admiration of Dreiser crystallizes in the somewhat obscure conclusion that the secret of Dreiser's victory is in his having immersed himself in what he could neither escape nor relinquish, yielded to what was true, and yearned over what seemed inexorable. As in so many American critics, literary, political and sociological, there is not enough distance between Mr. NAZIN and his subject. "Yes," he writes, "the pressure of the times is too great; it beats upon all of us," and elsewhere he speaks of "the loneliness of the individual sensibility in a period of unparalleled dissolution and insecurity." Good criticism implies the power to see the present as the past and the past as the present. Of this power Mr. NAZIN possesses

little. In his nostalgia for any time but the present he views Joyce at work on *Ulysses* as the last standard-bearer of a dying tradition, and quotes Mabel Dodge Luhan's somewhat personal backward look ("barriers went down and people reached each other who had never been in touch before") as proof of a general felicity pervading the year 1913. However, if there is not a steady illumination, there are many gleams, for example: "The Hemingway tradition of the literary dandy, the stricken reserved post-war observer whose nihilism had left him only the sensual pleasures of life and the joy of craftsmanship." H. K.

All the Fun of Spy-Catching

One of the jolliest rackets of the war must be that part of Intelligence devoted to spy-catching at home, if *On the Target* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 8/6) is to be believed. The risks are terrible, as described by Mr. JOHN OLIVER MAYO, the sufferings that may be involved almost incredible, but the atmosphere of the "outfit" itself something delightful, falling roughly between that of a happy yacht's crew and a Christmas party. Head of the section with which we are concerned is the brilliant, witty, one-armed *David*, who can be savage to his staff at times, but generally deals with them with a delightful sense of humour and a generous supply of good dinners. Another bright spot is *Amanda*, so good to look at, so sensible and yet so wildly daring—and funny at times. *Billie* the American, too, huge, sane and kindly, and good for anything, adds to the gaiety of the party; and then there is *George*, whose enrolment in the service and subsequent adventures are the matter of this book. And what adventures! Climbing out of a high window on to the roof above it, using *David's* false arm as a rope and hook, is only a representative sample of what he comes in for. *David's* part is if anything more exciting; and as for *Amanda*, the girl simply has no idea of refusing to pick the nettle danger wherever it happens to be growing. It is all "very capital," one of those books whose might-be-trueness adds to their interest, though the reader can't help an occasional suspension of belief!

B. E. S.

No Clay

Admiral Sir William Fisher (MACMILLAN, 8/6), by Admiral Sir WILLIAM JAMES, is, in spite of the author's modesty ("I bring very little experience . . . Fisher's strong personality and character would be far more fittingly presented by one of his many friends of literary distinction"), a model Life of a man who lived a model life, as an officer and privately. The writer remarks, "Biographies containing some spice have a wider reading public than those portraying a man of unblemished life, but my diligent search" (in the course of reading private letters that might have shown signs of disgruntlement or disparagement) "left me nothing wherewith to fashion into clay some part of this man who was the idol of that great Fleet at Alexandria." Every letter of Fisher's that is quoted displays generosity. He writes of the *St. Vincent* "Not one that I can't trust to the bitter, bitter end." But it is clear from the account of his life how much he contributed to that trustworthiness by example, encouragement (though he was not a facile praiser) and zeal. He was, in most ways, a brilliant boy: he was also a brilliant worker. The story of his life is also a good part of the story of the Navy of which he wrote: "The Archangel Gabriel is only just good enough for such a Service." It may also be part of the story of Malta now and in the recent past, for few Englishmen have been such an inspiration to the Maltese.

B. E. B.

Toller Reports

To O.C. B Sqn.

TRENDER herewith the required report on the autumn dance held last week. I would point out that although this report is rendered by myself, I was not chairman of the Dance Committee but merely in charge of Decorations, and the present situation arises from the absence on courses and leave of other members of the Committee.

With regard to Decorations, it was decided by the Committee to utilize palm ferns, coloured paper over all lights, and tinsel streamers which Major Scapworth remembered were stored in the billiards room cupboard from last Christmas. The decoration of the band dais, and the provision of an amplifying attachment with loud-speakers, was also voted to my care. I was further made responsible for the turnout of members of the Band, it being decided that the grey flannels and cricket-shirts normally borrowed from the badminton team could not be used on this occasion as it appeared they had been utilized continuously for five dances and seven badminton matches.

I regret that the palm ferns did not finally form part of the decorations as intended. These were due to be collected by 15-cwt truck at 1600 hrs on the day of the dance and were in fact collected by myself. Due to the large number of ferns, and the fact that a portion of the truck was already taken up with crates of refreshment procured on behalf of Lt Withers, officer i/c Wines, it was not possible to close the rear of the truck, which unfortunately came to be parked for fifteen minutes outside the Copper Kettle coffee-shop where I was executing a commission for Capt Nutball, officer i/c Refreshments. During this time I regret all ferns except those towards the centre of the truck were eaten by a horse pulling a fish-cart, while the remaining plants were pushed over, cracking three pots. Since only two undamaged ferns remained, I decided to reject altogether the palm fern motif of decoration and concentrate on coloured paper round the electric light bulbs and on tinsel streamers, but unfortunately these

were no longer present in the billiards room cupboard as Major Scapworth had described, and it was subsequently discovered they had been used the previous week as decoration at the wedding of Sgt Findy to Land Girl Peggy Walters, a pre-war Beauty Queen. The reason why I had not checked previously that this tinsel was still available for the dance was that the cupboard was locked and the key missing. This key was finally found, at 1500 hrs on the day of the dance, in the possession of Tpr Hopkins, an officers' mess waiter, who was best man at Sgt Findy's wedding, since in private life he employed Sgt Findy in his hairdressing establishment. Tpr Hopkins admitted borrowing the tinsel, which had been used to brighten a room at the Three Grapes hotel, hired for the purpose of the wedding reception.

Inquiry at the hotel eventually produced the tinsel, but as this had been broken in several places, apparently through being used as a skipping-rope during the festivities, and time was running short, I decided to omit this part of the decoration scheme and substitute wild flowers and ferns. A fatigue party was sent out at 1700 hrs with instructions to collect these articles from the countryside, while I supervised the placing of coloured paper round lights in the ante-room, the rolling up of the carpet, and the wiring of the microphone and loud-speakers for the Band. This work took longer than anticipated, since officers were reluctant to leave the ante-room, a number remaining to assist in testing the microphone and to hang

coloured paper. In this way the steps were broken by a combination of the weights of Lts White and Scarr, while I regret that the entrance of the C.O. to inquire into the noise coincided with a rendering over the microphone of some boogie-woogie rhythm for testing purposes.

Owing to these preparations I had not been able personally to supervise the collecting of wild flowers and ferns by the fatigue party, as I would otherwise have done, with the result that this fatigue party returned with ferns only, and these in a withered condition, saying that late flowers had been difficult to find in sufficient quantity, the majority having closed up for the night.

The above explains the curtailed decorations at the dance. The fact that the coloured paper, during the course of the evening, showed a tendency to peel from the electric light bulbs and hang in the form of streamers was due to the warm atmosphere generated by dancing. With regard to the P.T. shorts and vests worn by the Band, this was the only dress available apart from the badminton kit decided against by the Committee. Point was to be given to this uniform by a slogan "The High-Steppers" inscribed on the big drum, but the inscription proved impracticable at the last minute owing to the fact that the paint would not have dried sufficiently before the dance, and the drum in this way would have been covered with blobs of paint as the result of continual drumming. As an alternative, the band vocalist was instructed to intersperse crooning with the slogan "Hi-de-Hi! The High-Steppers!" but I regret the allusion was not clear and that offence was taken to it on one occasion by a visiting brigadier when dancing with the Vicar's wife.

With regard to the financial result of the dance, there appears on the surface an apparent deficit of £8 16s 2d, but owing to the absence of Lt Withers, officer i/c Wines, the amount and whereabouts of wines remaining unconsumed from the dance is not yet known and it is estimated a satisfactory profit may have been made in this way.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.
Home Forces.

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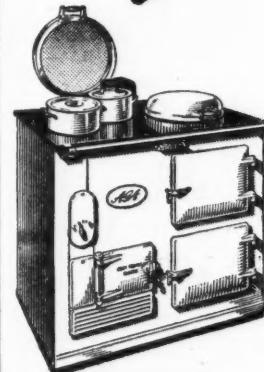
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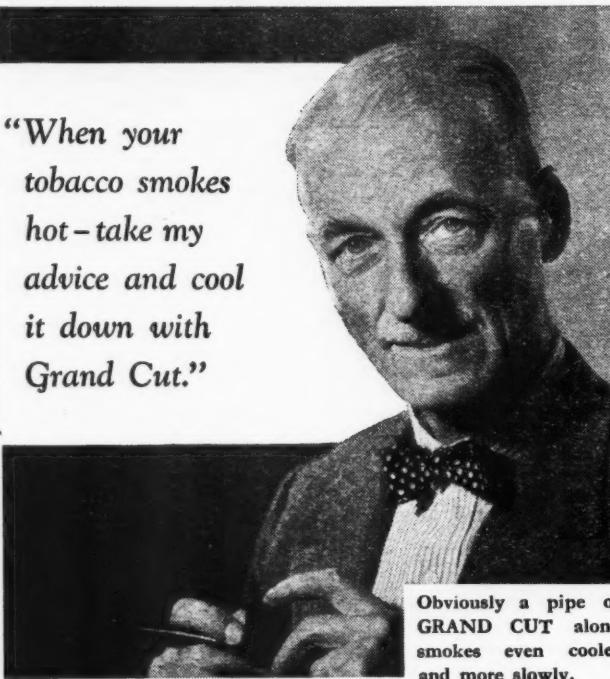
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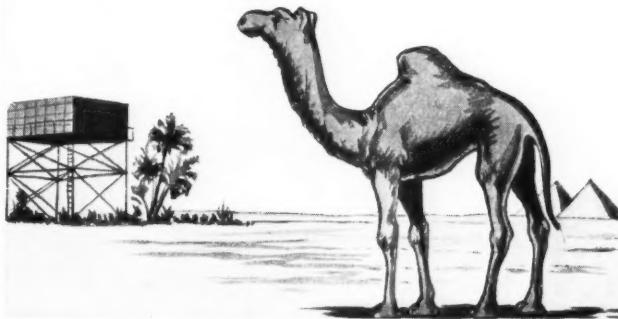
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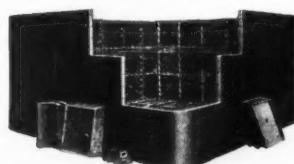


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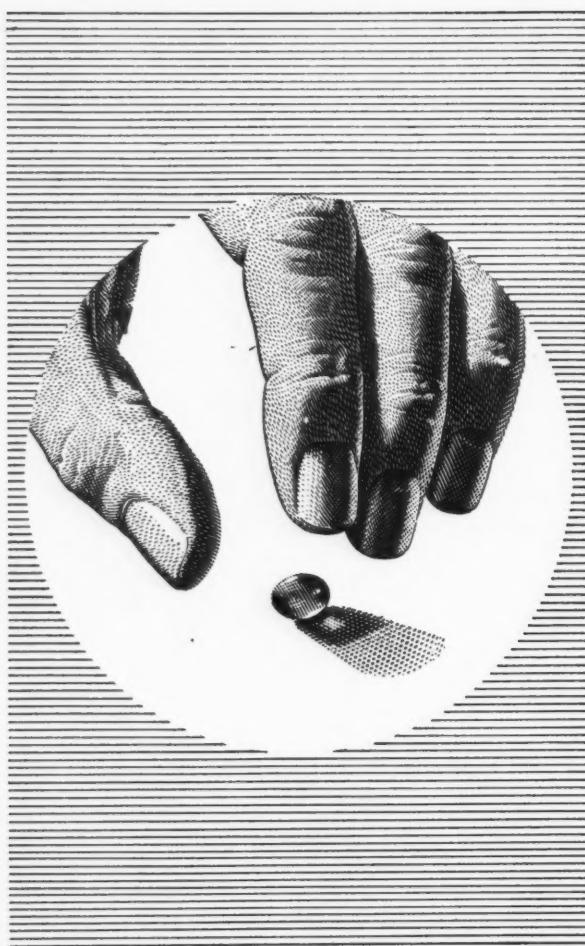
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